

# CURRENT ANECDOTES

## AND ILLUSTRATIVE SHORT STORIES

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Vol. I, No. 12.

CLEVELAND, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Cut Gems, Vol. V, No. 12.

### ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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#### CHILDHOOD ADRIFT.

A little 4-year-old child strayed from her home near Liverpool, Perry County, Pennsylvania, recently, and came unobserved to the bank of the Susquehanna River. A skiff was lightly beached on the shore, and the tiny little girl got into it. The jar loosened the boat from its hold and it drifted away. After several hours had elapsed the mother missed the child and instituted a search, but without success. She then thought of the river, and went to the place where the boat had been beached, and where she and the child had so often gone together. She was filled with horror to observe that the boat was not there, firmly believing that the child had been in it and had been carried away with it. After an all night search the child was found in the boat twenty miles away, and was returned to her almost distracted mother. Alas, all the children who get adrift do not reach home again. There are dangers that beset children on all sides, and parents need to watch with ceaseless vigilance to save them from drifting away from the harbor of safety.

(551)

#### HANDS FIT FOR CHRIST'S SERVICE.

E. G. Cherry sings a very beautiful song of the necessity of having hands clean and quiet and devoted if they are to work effectively for our Divine Lord. I am sure there is a message for many in this suggestive poem:

My hands were filled with many things  
That I did precious hold,  
As any treasure of a king's—  
Silver, or gems, or gold.  
The Master came and touched my hands  
(The scars were in His own),  
And at His feet my treasures sweet  
Fell shattered one by one.  
"I must have empty hands," said He,  
"Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil,  
Defiled with dust of earth;  
And I my work did ofttimes soil,  
And render little worth.  
The Master came and touched my hands,  
And crimson were his own;  
But when, amazed, on mine I gazed,  
Lo! every stain was gone.  
"I must have cleansed hands," said He,  
"Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish,  
 And cumbered with much care!  
 Trembling with haste and eagerness,  
 Nor folded oft in prayer.  
 The Master came and touched my hands,  
 With healing in His own,  
 And calm and still to do His will  
 They grew—the fever gone.  
 “I must have quiet hands,” said He,  
 “Wherewith to work My works through thee.”

My hands were strong in fancied strength,  
 But not in power Divine,  
 And bold to take up tasks at length  
 That were not His but mine.  
 The Master came and touched my hands,  
 And might was in His own;  
 But mine since then have powerless been,  
 Save His are laid thereon.  
 “And it is only thus,” said He,  
 “That I can work My works through thee.”

(552)

#### THE RANK OF HONEST MERIT.

An English admiral writing in the National Review about the uniform of the English soldiers in South Africa says that the dull drab color of the Khaki uniforms has, socially, an excellent leveling effect. Deference to military character or personality replaces the deference to aristocratic rank, which he declares to be the bane of English life. The prince disappears in the officer or the man. Earned rank has its due. The admiral thinks that all London society would be better if it could be put into khaki for a term of years, so as to break down the snobbish adulation for rank and riches which now infects it. It might work well to try the same experiment in New York and Chicago.

(553)

#### WAITING FOR THE DAY.

There is a beautiful Scripture which is often quoted to voice the hope of a soul surrounded by mystery and darkness, but having faith that there is a day beyond the clouds and the fog. Many have encouraged themselves with the sweet words, “Until the day break and the shadow flee away.” Some poet whose name I do not know has made it the theme of a comforting song:

Waiting, we stand,  
 And watching till our Saviour shall appear,  
 Joyful to cry, as eastern skies grow clear,  
 “The Lord’s at hand.”

But now the night  
 Presses around us, sullenly and chill;  
 Pain, doubt, and sorrow seem to have their will:  
 Lord, send the light!

One after one,  
 Thou hast called up our loved ones from our sight:  
 For them we know that there is no more night;  
 But we are lone.

Wearily we wait,  
 Lifting our heavy eyes, bedimmed with tears,  
 To skies where yet no trace of dawn appears:—  
 Lord, it is late!

But yet Thy Word  
 Saith, with sweet prophecy that cannot fail,  
 That light o’er darkness shall at length prevail:—  
 We trust Thee, Lord.

O Morning Star  
 Of heavenly promise! light our darkened way  
 Till the first beams of the expected day  
 Shine from afar.

So will we take  
 Fresh hope and courage to our fainting hearts,  
 And patient wait, though every joy departs,  
 “Till the day break.”

(554)



## THE FRAILTY OF EARTHLY STRENGTH.

A recent writer, Mr. H. W. Cartees Davis, recalls the wonderful stories that are told of the great physical strength of that famous emperor, Charlemagne. We are told that he could straighten four horseshoes joined together, which seems almost as great a feat as that when Sampson tore the young lion apart in the vineyard of Timnath. Charlemagne could lift with his right hand a fully equipped fighting man, clad in the heavy armor of the age to the level of his head. His forehead was majestic, his nose like an eagle's beak. He had the eyes of a lion; when he was angry they gleamed so that no man could look him in the face. And yet, he has been dust and ashes for these many hundred years. He made them bury him with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, but his power was gone all the same. It is only through the spiritual graces and through the good we have done that we may hope to live and have power after we have passed away from earth. (555)

## THE DAY OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

In these days of wars and rumors of wars, of greed, and strife, and crime, it is good to look on through the hopefulness of Jesus to the day when His pure will shall reign over all. There is a beautiful picture of it in this little stray poem:

These things shall be! a loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.  
They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm,  
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.  
Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.  
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song  
When all the earth is paradise. (556)

## THE SINNER'S VULTURE.

Mr. William Spencer Churchill, in the story of his escape from Pretoria, tells how he spent one day in the woods when he was very worn and tired and almost starved to death. The situation was one in which the bravest man might be depressed, and to make matters worse his sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in his condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time. The remorse and threatenings of conscience which pursue men and women who give themselves over to a sinful course is like that. Sin has its hours of pleasure, but the shadow of the vulture is never long away. (557)

## SEEKING THE LOST.

Richard F. Souter has a little poem entitled "Other Sheep," in which he tells the old old story of the shepherd's tender search for the lost sheep:

De long night rain falls cold en ha'd,  
En it's wa'm inside de do';  
But de do' been shut en de do' been ba'd—  
Shut en ba'd fo' eve' mo'.  
Hit's bright en da, like de sunlight cla',  
Fo' de sheep what de Shephe'd guide;  
But de ain't no light shines out in de night,  
En it's always night outside.  
Hain't no one's fault but jus' dey's own  
Dat dey comes da' so late;  
But dey ha'den deys hea't twel it like a stone  
As dey linger by de gate.  
En dey say right da' dat dey gwine to ba'  
All dat comes en not complain;  
Yet hit's sad en slow dat dey tu'ns to go  
Out into de night en de rain.  
Den down de night en de gloomerin' sto'm  
A glimmerin' light appea's;  
En de win' blow sof' en de win' blow wa'm,  
Like it wa'm wid some one's tea's.  
En de strong will shakes, en de proud hea't breaks,  
Fur, down dat mountain steep,  
De Shephe'd comes back from de wild'ness track  
Bearin' a po' los' sheep. (558)

## ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.

On a recent great occasion, for the first time in the history of St. Peter's, electric light was used to illuminate that famous and historic church. The effect is said to have been marvelous. All through the vast church the radiance was continued, and thousands of candles following the lines of architecture, and rows of lights encircled the dome where rose curtains tempered the sunlight pouring through the windows. It seems wonderfully modern to think of the electric light in St. Peter's. May God hasten the day when the dark places of the Roman Catholic institution shall have the electric light turned on them, burning away all its superstitions, and making of it a purified and renovated Christian camp. (559)

## THE SOWER.

If we would escape discouragement and do effectively the work God has for us in the world, we must not overlook the immortality and the marvelous power of every seed of truth sown in the hearts of men. Mrs. Preston sings a beautiful song in which she tells of the experiences of a missionary and the source of his comfort:

From his home in an Eastern bungalow,  
In sight of the everlasting snow  
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row.

Thus wrote my friend:

"I had traveled far  
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,  
Through the sand-white plains of Sinde-Sagar;

"And once, when the daily march was o'er,  
As tired I sat in my tented door,  
Hope failed me, as never 't failed before.

"In swarming city, at wayside fane,  
By the Indus' bank, or the scorching plain,  
I had taught,—and my teaching all seemed vain.

"No glimmer of light (I sighed) appears;  
The Moslem's fate and the Buddhist's fears  
Have gloomed their worship a thousand years.

"For Christ and His truth I stand alone  
In the midst of millions; a sand-grain blown  
Against yon temple of ancient stone

"As soon may level it! Faith forsook  
My soul as I turned on the pile to look;  
Then rising, my saddened way I took

"To its lofty roof, for the cooler air;  
I gazed and marvelled; how crumbled were  
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

"For wedged in a rift of the massive stone,  
Most plainly rent by its roots alone,  
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown;

"Whose gradual stress would still expand  
The crevice, and topple upon the sand  
The temple, while o'er its wreck would stand

"The tree in its living verdure! Who  
Could compass the thought? The bird that flew  
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

"Did more to shiver this ancient wall  
Than earthquake, war, simoon, or all  
The centuries in their lapse and fall.

"Then I knelt by the riven granite there,  
And my soul shook off its weight of care,  
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air.

"The living seeds I have dropped remain  
In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,  
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain."



## CHRIST'S MESSENGERS.

A writer in a recent number of Harper's Magazine relates many interesting stories of the growth and importance of the war correspondent. He says that, the "special" of a great journal has the world as his field of operations. One month he is witnessing the triumph of modern artillery in a battle between a Chinese and a Japanese fleet; the next he is tracing the ways of Russian diplomacy in Peking. Soon afterward he may be hurrying off to a minor rebellion in South America or picturing a phase of the struggle between East and West in the Balkans.

He wakes up each morning conscious that before night he may be off on a journey of ten thousand miles. His preparations for long travel are always made. One special artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has two outfits ready at home, which he calls his "hot" and his "cold" outfits. If his editor asks him to take the afternoon boat express to St. Petersburg and go from there to Nova Zembla, he has only to send a brief wire home, "Please bring cold bag Charing Cross, 12 midday," and he is ready. If Timbuctoo is his destination he needs only substitute "hot" for "cold." In the office of one London daily paper a bag is kept always ready for any man who has instantly to go off to the ends of the earth. Such preparations are necessary. Take one instance alone. Last Autumn Mr. H. S. Pearse, the well-known correspondent of the London Daily News, strolled late one evening into his office. "Things are looking more serious in South Africa. You had better get out as soon as possible." "I'll just have time to catch the train for the South African mail," he replied. He caught his train, and within three weeks was in the battlefields of Natal. The early Christian ministers were like that. Peter went to preach to Cornelius and Paul to Macedonia on calls like that. Modern Christians need to be careful not to forget that every disciple of Christ should be a "minute man" for his Lord.

(561)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PURPOSE.

Dr. E. H. Ela, of Boston, sings a strong note in a poem written on his birthday and looking out on the remaining years of life. There ought to be courage in it for all of us, old or young:

An engine, strong, compact, of living steel,  
 Bearing with steady pulse its laden train,  
 Heavy with harvest of the prairie grain—  
 The ministry of earth to human weal—  
 Right on, with ceaseless whirl of tireless wheel  
 Through mountain gorge, valley, or spreading plain,  
 To where some harbor opens to the main,  
 Full speed, full-fraught, full strength, to quay and keel.

Such be my life along the track of time,  
 By fire of love impelled and force of will,  
 With speed unstayed, unhalting, fearless, free,  
 Laden with garner of each year and clime,  
 Till by the uncharted sea its wheels stand still  
 Whose farther shore we call eternity.

(562)

## A GENUINE LIFE.

It is not every one who is aware that a Bank of England note is not of the same thickness all through. The paper is thicker in the left hand corner, to enable it to retain a keener impression of the vignette there; and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the center letters and beneath the figures at the ends. Counterfeit notes are easily discovered because they are invariably of one thickness only throughout. So hypocritical lives have often greater outward uniformity than those of the most genuine men and women. It is not uniformity of outward conduct but genuineness and sincerity of purpose and motive that makes both the bank note and the man or the woman valuable.

(563)

## LEAVE THE MIRACLE TO CHRIST.

God does not ask us to perform miracles. All he asks of us is that we do the best we can out of what we've got. If we will do that Christ will take care of results. Some poet puts it aptly in these verses:

Bring to Christ your loaves and fishes,  
 Though they be both few and small;  
 He will use the weakest vessels,  
 Give to Him your little all.  
 Do you ask how many thousands  
 Can be fed with food so slim?  
 Listen to the Master's blessing;  
 Leave the Miracle to Him!

O ye Christians, learn the lesson.  
 Are you struggling all the way?  
 Cease your trying, change to trusting,  
 Then you'll triumph every day.  
 "Whatsoe'er He bids you, do it!"  
 Fill the waterpots to brim;  
 But remember, 'tis his battle;  
 Leave the miracle to Him!  
 Christian worker, looking forward  
 To the ripened harvest field,  
 Does the task seem great before you?  
 Think how rich will be the yield!  
 Bravely enter with your Master,  
 Though the prospect may seem dim;  
 Preach the Word with holy fervor;  
 Leave the miracle to Him!

(564)

## SURRENDERING TO JESUS.

Two young boys, each 15 years old, were out sailing recently on Long Island Sound. They were about half a mile off shore when a heavy squall came up suddenly and capsized their boat. One of the boys did not know how to swim, but the other was an expert. As soon as the swimmer came to the surface he looked for his companion. As soon as he came up he grabbed him, but before trying to swim with him warned him that he must make no struggle. The half-drowned boy, with remarkable presence of mind, yielded himself completely to his friend, who swam with him to the overturned boat and saved his life. Men who have been overtaken by evil and are half-drowned in sin can only yield themselves to Christ. He will save us if we surrender ourselves completely to Him.

(565)

## COPYING CHRIST.

An unknown poet has written a very striking poem illustrating how we may copy the character and conduct of Jesus.

I saw a child the other day,  
 At copy set,  
 Its eyes did often rove and stray,  
 Its mind forget.  
 The first line was full fairly writ,  
 Not so the second;  
 The next was worse, worse following it,  
 Last, worst, I reckoned.  
 Still ranging from the copy there proposed,  
 It fed itself with errors till it closed.  
 There saw I pattern of my own behavior:  
 Thus have I strayed:  
 When first I loved, I copied close my Saviour,  
 His life, my aid.  
 But since to me, myself has been my standard,  
 I mark decline,  
 Still falling as from Him I further wandered,  
 Worse each life's line.  
 So I discerned my life could ne'er be true  
 But by returning to where first it grew.  
 I saw a painter copying a face;  
 Ever and still,  
 His eye upon his model's form and grace  
 Took constant fill.  
 Beneath his hand I saw the likeness grow  
 As still he traced  
 Each feature, or—did but least error show,  
 At once erased,  
 I learned that likeness is by looking learned,  
 And the hand follows where the eye is turned.  
 Thus then, I said, I'll gaze upon my Lord  
 And know His face,  
 That so my motives in a blest accord  
 May, by His grace,  
 Fashion a life growing in every feature  
 Like Him I love,  
 So that, within, without, another creature,  
 Taught from above,  
 I, copying Him and growing in His grace,  
 May in His likeness live, then see Him face to face.

(566)



## TAMING THE WOLF IN MAN.

How St. Francis tamed the wolf of Gubio is the most famous, if not altogether the most credible, of the animal stories related of him. That wolf was a quadruped without morals; not only had he eaten kids, but also men. All attempts to kill him failed, and the townsfolk were afraid of venturing outside the walls even in broad daylight. One day St. Francis, against the advice of all, went out to have a serious talk with the wolf. He soon found him, and "Brother Wolf," he said, "you have eaten not only animals, but men made in the image of God, and certainly you deserve the gallows; nevertheless, I wish to make peace between you and these people, Brother Wolf, so that you may offend them no more, and neither they nor their dogs shall attack you." The wolf seemed to agree, but the saint wished to have a distinct proof of his solemn engagement to fulfill his part in the peace, whereupon the wolf stood up on his hind legs and laid his paw on the saint's hand. Francis then promised that the wolf should be properly fed for the rest of his days, "for well I know," he said, kindly, "that all your evil deeds were caused by hunger"—upon which text several sermons might be preached, for truly many a sinner may be reformed by a good dinner and by nothing else. The contract was kept on both sides, and the wolf lived happily for two years, at the end of which he died of old age, sincerely mourned by all the inhabitants.

However lightly one may think of the old legend it suggests a great truth, that many a man despoiled by sin is given over as hopeless whose wolf-like nature might be tamed and transformed if we did but try in the spirit of Christ. (567)

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Frederick E. Weatherly in his "Song of the Armenian Shepherd," portrays most beautifully the spirit which ought to pervade every Christian heart and home.

One by one the stars arise  
In the meadows of the skies;  
One by one, all white and still,  
Rest my sheep on yonder hill.  
Now I lay my crook away,  
Toil is over with the day;  
Kneeling at my frugal board,  
Break the bread, and bless the Lord.

Lord, look on me and on us all,  
And make us blest,  
And send us rest,  
At this and every evenfall!

All the day, afar from me,  
They have wandered wild and free;  
All the day I followed still,  
Rock to rock and hill to hill,  
Calling down the gorges deep,  
"Come ye back, my wandering sheep,"  
Till at eve I brought them home,  
Safe in fold, no more to roam!

Lord, do thus much for me and all,  
And when we stray  
From thy good way,  
O fetch us home at evenfall!

(568)

## THE SPIRITUAL TREE.

The Whitefield elm, a brother and contemporary of the Boston and Washington elms, has recently been cut down at Wilmington, Massachusetts. The Rev. George Whitefield, the great English evangelist, on one of his visits to this country preached to the people under this tree after he had been refused the use of the pulpit of the church. Some years ago the tree, feeble with age, was struck by lightning, which pierced its very heart, and gave it a shock from which it could not recover. At the outbreak of the Revolution the tree had a mate but it was destroyed in a gale many years ago. Although the tree under which Whitefield preached dies, the spiritual tree represented in his own character, and the trees that are growing all around the world which have come up as the results of his great work for Christ and humanity were never more alive than now and in the great day of eternity what a forest of them there will be to wave their branches in rejoicing at the name of Whitefield. (569)

## THE SECRET OF DORCAS.

George MacDonald, who is not only a famous novelist and preacher, but also a poet, has a pretty song which tells how Dorcas began to make her garment for the poor.

If I might guess, then guess I would:  
Amid the gathered folk  
This gentle Dorcas one day stood,  
And heard what Jesus spoke.

Her eyes with longing tears grow dim:  
 She never can come nigh  
 To work one service poor for him  
 For whom she glad would die!

But hark! he speaks a mighty word:  
 She hearkens now indeed!  
 "When did we see thee naked, Lord,  
 And clothed thee in thy need?"

"The King shall answer, Inasmuch  
 As to my brothers ye  
 Did it,—even to the least of such,—  
 Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,  
 And Jesus' poor arrayed.  
 She died: they wept about the room,  
 And showed the coats she made.

(570)

## LIVING GRATEFULLY.

President McKinley always wears a pink carnation in his button hole. His carnations grow in the White House conservatory and are Mrs. McKinley's chiefest pride. One is always laid by his dress suit for dinner and one by his frock coat in the morning. When he is traveling his secretary attends to it. It is the President's custom in traveling to always give this button hole carnation to the engineer of the locomotive behind which he travels. When he alights from his private coach at the station he walks up the platform until he reaches the huge machine. From the cab window leans the engineer, his sooty face beaming, hesitant, expectant. The President stops just an instant, that the action may not attract the slightest attention, and hands the pink flower into the grimy hands with a very low, "I sincerely thank you for your skill and my safety." It is a pretty custom and we ought all of us to live thus gratefully toward all those who contribute to our safety and happiness. It would add greatly to the sum of human joy.

(571)

## GOD'S GREAT INDEPENDENCE BELL.

The Rev. Dr. B. B. Hamlin once said in a sermon "The Bible is God's great independence bell, forever swinging in the dome of the universe." Mrs. Lucy A. Spotswood has taken the thought as the theme for a poem, the last three verses are peculiarly strong as a tribute to the Bible.

Now wide thy sweep, O wondrous bell!  
 From east to west the echoes swell—  
 Ring out, ring out thy mightiest tone,  
 'Mid rending vail, and dying groan—  
 Ring out, "The people now are free,  
 The Christ has died on Calvary."

Ring, ringers, ring with heart and hand—  
 Send this glad music through the land;  
 Till every slumb'ring echo wakes,  
 And plumage of the morning takes,  
 To tell the bond-man he is free;  
 For Christ has died on Calvary.

Ring, ringers, ring, ring with a will,  
 And all the world with music fill—  
 Ring, till the notes to heaven ascend,  
 And with the song of angels blend  
 In one grand shout—"The glory be  
 To Him who died on Calvary."

(572)

## READY FOR SERVICE.

Captain F. W. Dickens, of the battleship *Indiana*, while recently showing a visitor through the ship made the remark that the *Indiana* was ready for service at a moment's notice, and he would gladly welcome the change of scene. Little did he think at that time that the call would come so soon, but in a few hours a telegram arrived from Washington, ordering both the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts* to prepare at once for their departure.

Forty hours after this order was given the two great ships, with their crews completed and with provisions for months of cruising, were on their way down the Delaware. All the delay was due to waiting for the men—the ships were all ready. In less than forty-eight hours more they had been at Newport News, had taken a thousand tons of coal each, and were speeding on their way to join the fleet at Newport.



It was the quickest work of the kind ever done in the history of our navy, and no better record has ever been made by the navy of any other nation.

Every church of Jesus Christ ought to be as watchful and alert as that and her captain and crew always ready to clear for action in any good service they may be called upon to perform. (573)

### THE LOST SILVER.

Elizabeth Waterhouse sings the essence of the gospel story of salvation in her little poem entitled "Three Parables."

I was not resolute in heart and will  
To rise up suddenly and seek Thy face,  
Leaving the swine-husks in the desert place,  
And crying, "I have sinned, receive me still!"

I could not even at the Shepherd's voice  
Startle and thrill, with yearnings for the fold,  
Till he should take me in his blessed hold,  
And lay me on his shoulder and rejoice.

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,  
A little piece of silver, lost from Thee,  
I only knew Thy hands were seeking me,  
And that I bore through all Thy heavenly mark. (574)

### A PRESENT HELL.

Dr. George H. Hepworth in one of his recent New York Herald sermons says:

"I am asked every now and again if I believe in hell. I have never known a man who did not believe in it. It is not possible for any one of ordinary intelligence to deny the fact. For myself, I have been in more than one hell during my long experience, and as I look about the world I see others who have not yet escaped from it. Sin, with its attendant remorse, its ghastly regrets, its overwhelming sense of unworthiness, its spectral fears—what is all this but hell? Certainly it is not heaven, but the very opposite. One need not think of hell as in the future, because it is all about us, and souls that are drowning their better selves in dissipation are in it without perhaps knowing it. By and by, long before their career is closed, when they recognize the fact that they have wasted divine energy on folly, they will see that they have literally made their bed in hell." (575)

### THE GLORY OF FAILURE.

It is often as noble to fail as it is to win. The deposit of manhood or womanhood in character is just the same if the battle has been bravely and honestly fought. Alice Van Vliet makes this very plain in these verses:

We who have lost the battle  
To you who have fought and won:  
Give ye good cheer and greeting!  
Stoutly and bravely done!

Reach us a hand in passing,  
Comrades,—and own the name!  
Yours is the thrill and the laurel:  
Ours is the smart and shame.

Though we were nothing skillful,  
Pity us not nor scorn!  
Send us a hail as hearty—  
"Stoutly and bravely borne!"

Others may scorn or pity;  
You who are soldiers know.  
Where was the joy of your battle,  
Save in the grip with the foe?

Did we not stand to the conflict,  
Did we not fairly fall?  
Is it your crowns ye care for?  
Nay, to have fought is all.

Humbled and sore we watch you,  
Cheerful and bruised and lamed.  
Take the applause of the conquered—  
Conquered and unshamed!

## PAIN AND PROGRESS.

A recent writer in the Independent says that when modern science began to examine critically the ladder by which man has climbed to his present position it was found that every step was stained with blood.

A hundred men labored and sweat that one might rise. It was an awful revelation, that of science fifty years ago. No wonder that it wrore men insane; made them pessimists, atheists. If science had stopped here it would have been a gospel of despair.

But it did not stop; another step changed it to a gospel of hope. It was discovered that this suffering, that looked to a casual glance like an impediment to progress, was really its cause; that pain was the mainspring of the universe; that war was the mother of all things, as the Greek had said long ago; that the rod of affliction was the modeling tool by which God created all living things; that there could have been no happiness now if there had been no suffering in the past; that joy is the offspring of sorrow, out of war comes peace and through death comes life. This changed the whole view. It put optimism in the place of pessimism. Man could see the uses of adversity. (577)

## THE JOY OF THE HILLS.

In a physical way many men are saying these summer days what David said with a higher meaning, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." The freedom of country life and the glory of nature is very strongly described in Edwin Markham's poem entitled, "The Joy of the Hills."

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;  
I have found my life and am satisfied.  
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,  
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—  
Lightly I sweep  
From steep to steep:  
Over my head through the branches high  
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;  
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;  
A bee looms out of the scented grass;  
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget  
Life's hoard of regret—  
All the terror and pain  
Of the chafing chain.  
Grind on, O cities, grind:  
I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand:  
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.  
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:  
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing  
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!  
The world is gone like an empty word:  
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

(578)

## LIVING IN RUTS.

It is very necessary to be on the watch that life be not narrowed and limited in its powers through the daily repetition of the same acts in the same way. A man who thinks and does the same things over and over again day after day, and year after year, is in danger of becoming simply an automatic machine. The danger is that the thoughts will become cramped and that prejudices will spring up against everybody outside of the rut in which he lives. If continued long enough these prejudices become so strong that it seems impossible to eradicate them. This is one of the great dangers to the sinner. The wicked habit is a rut which gets deeper and deeper every time the wrong deed is performed. Christ lifts the sinner out of the rut and puts him on the broad highway of holiness. (579)

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

An unknown poet sings of the mother's anxious search in the face of the grown-up man for some trace of the little babe that she once held in her arms.



Within her fond, encircling arm  
 Safe slept her little child—  
 A helpless wight, sweet-breathed and warm,  
 Her eager look down-bent to scan  
 That face, all lovely innocence,  
 The features of the full-grown man  
 She seized on with prophetic sense—  
 Foresaw the hero that should be  
 Clothed in his manhood's majesty,  
 And seeing smiled.

Relaxed in every massive limb,  
 The man, sore wearied, sleeps;  
 His bearded cheek is rough and grim.  
 She, hovering near him wistfully,  
 And gazing long, is fain to trace  
 One line of childhood's purity  
 In that toil-marred, world-hardened face.  
 Now once again she feels and sees  
 Her nursling warm upon her knees,  
 And seeing, weeps.

(580)

#### AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet), who has recently been in this country, tells a good story at his own expense: "I was lecturing to the students of a religious college," said O'Rell; "but, before I began, one of the professors, a very solemn man, stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he asked the Lord to permit the audience to see the point of my jokes. This was the petition, as it fell upon my astonished ears, and it impressed me so much that I afterwards wrote it down as a souvenir or keepsake: 'O Lord,' said the petitioner, 'Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have to-night with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them.' I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether those particular auditors were so dull that they needed Divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

(581)

#### THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

To-day ever stands Godfather for to-morrow. Our to-morrow is always largely dictated by our to-day. St. John Adcock beautifully illustrates this in his little poem entitled 'Remembrance.'

We shape the future that shall be our past  
 And press to-day the wine we drink at last;  
 And sweet or sour at last the cup we fill,  
 Or dark our way or starry, as we will.

For nothing we can ever do or think  
 But we shall taste it in that cup we drink;  
 And all we do to-day or leave undone  
 Darkens or clears to-morrow's cloud or sun.

Each word of love withheld from hearts that pine  
 Shall be a sweetness absent from the wine;  
 Scorn blights whatever feels the touch of it  
 And love unspoken leaves a star unlit.

But every kindly act and word shall rise  
 And write its silent record on the skies,  
 And so, before us and behind us far,  
 Make the night brighter by another star.

(582)

#### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A recent writer in the Baltimore Sun clearly sets forth the important truth that an unbridled imagination which is allowed to set up unattainable ideas may be a source of unhappiness because it pictures conditions never realized; but on the other hand a well-ordered imagination only serves to gild reality. Much of the happiness of youth is derived from joyous anticipation of the future, from the building of castles in the air. It is wise for the young man or the young woman to set before himself or herself an ideal toward which they may struggle until it becomes a reality. When that ideal has vanished because it has become real still another farther on and higher up will appeal to the dreamer's heart. High ideals are essential to progress and great achievement.

(583)

## THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

Some poet has written a realistic picture of the sad results which often come from regarding the home of more importance than the souls that are to be built up in it. It comes out clear in this poem of childhood entitled "In the House of Too Much Trouble." I am sorry for any child that has to grow up in that house. The freedom of a frontier log cabin is a thousand times better than such a house though it be a mansion of Fifth Avenue.

In the House of Too Much Trouble  
Lived a lonely little boy;  
He was eager for a playmate,  
He was hungry for a toy,  
But 'twas always too much bother,  
Too much dirt and too much noise,  
For the House of Too Much Trouble  
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow  
Left a book upon the floor,  
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,  
Or he failed to close the door.  
In a House of Too Much Trouble  
Things much be precise and trim—  
In the House of Too Much Trouble  
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,  
He must never romp and play;  
Every room must be in order  
And kept quiet all the day.  
He had never had companions.  
He had never owned a pet—  
In the House of Too Much Trouble  
It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order—  
Ev'ry book is in its place,  
And the lonely little fellow  
Wears a smile upon his face.  
In the House of Too Much Trouble  
He is silent and at rest—  
In the House of Too Much Trouble;  
With a lily on his breast.

(584)

## A LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

A pretty legend ascribes to an angel's gift the extra beauty possessed by the moss rose, veiled with its mantle of green. The angel, grateful for the protection of a rose bush, asked the rose what gift it desired in return. The rose desired the angel to bestow another grace upon it, and the flower in a moment was covered with moss. Of the flower's lineage an old legend says: "I came from nectar spilled from heaven;" and in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sorrowed alone, the rose bloomed as it still does in fragrance and beauty.

Heaven has rich blessings yet for all who give shelter to God's angels, whether they come in glorious form or meet us shabby and in trouble. Now, as in olden time, many a loving heart entertains angels unawares.

(585)

## FLOWERS IN CHURCH.

Flowers in tasteful quantity and arrangement are always conducive to the worshipful spirit. Among the many poets who have sung of the flowers, none has shown greater tenderness than Mrs. Hemans. I quote a beautiful verse from her poem entitled "Bring Flowers:"

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are Nature's offering, their place is there!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust in the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers."

(586)

## FRAGRANCE IN OLD AGE.

Many of the worn-out farms of Virginia, principally in Albamarle and surrounding counties, of late have been turned to good account by their owners, who have directed their attention to violet growing. The violet industry is spreading rapidly in that section and the growers are receiving substantial returns. They find this new industry more profitable on land that has long been used than ordinary farming. It seems to me there is a very beau-



tiful suggestion in that incident. It is the way Christians should grow old. There comes a time in the twilight of old age when the ordinary crops of human toil can not be cultivated. But no aged Christian if they yield their hearts in sweet communion with Christ need fail of their crop of spiritual violets up to the very last. Nothing is more beautiful than old age when it sends forth a Christian fragrance. (587)

#### PRISONERS OF HOPE.

Christian Burke in his strong poem, "A Prisoner of Hope," sings of the courage Christianity gives to those who have been active and strong but now are compelled to sit idle behind the prison walls of weakness and affliction.

To sit and watch in the lonely house  
Whence others have risen and gone their way—  
So hush'd and still that the wainscot mouse  
Creeps out on my hearth to play;  
To hear the hurrying folk go by,  
Their echoing feet the silence fill—  
The world is busy enough, but I  
In the midst of it all sit still!

To wait, tho' the tide runs far and fast,  
To share the story, yet turn no page,  
To dwell in the heart of a vanished Past  
With friends of a bygone age;  
The living about me come and go,  
But these have done with earth's toils and tears,  
And I follow with faltering step and slow,  
In the wake of the tedious years.

A broken weapon that's flung aside,  
A worn-out tool for which none need care—  
Sometimes I fancy I must have died,  
And that only a ghost sits there!  
Yet the Dead no longer can feel the strain  
Of the nerveless hand and the powerless limb,  
And the weariness even worse than pain  
That comes when Life's lamp burns dim!

Often I think the hour of dawn,  
When the faint light glimmers on wall and floor,  
And the curtains of night are half withdrawn,  
Is the worst in the twenty-four!  
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam  
Of sunset fires the golden west?  
It is less hard then just to watch and dream  
When even the toilers rest.

And when stars come out o'er the twilight sea  
There falls on my soul a peace profound,  
As I think of a Hand that once set free  
The Spirits in Prison bound;  
One day He will burst these bonds of mine—  
And perchance there is good work yet undone  
He is keeping for me in His Love divine  
In the Land beyond the Sun!

(588)

#### RIVER CURRENT OR HOLLOW LOG—WHICH?

Some of the men employed in the large sawmills near Clinton, Iowa, enjoyed rare sport not long ago in the way of catching some of the immense river catfish in the hollow logs floating in the river, which seemed to be the favorite haunt of these fish. When the men at the logway discover a hollow log, it is started up the runway, hollow end first to prevent the fish from spilling out. The logs are turned up on end after they are safe on the land and the fish are dumped out. In every profession and department of life you will find men who remind you of those catfish. Instead of the broad river current they are always running into some hollow log. They never can understand that the safest possible place in God's world is to keep in the open current of life and struggle and do one's duty without fear or favor. (589)

#### A FATHER'S LOVE.

Many a man has felt on the birth of his first child what Richard Realf so beautifully describes in these lines:

O earth is full of lovely things  
 Which our dear Father-God has made,  
 Of buds and blooms and gleaming wings,  
 And bursts of light and depths of shade.  
 O, thick across the purple skies  
 The wondrous flashing stars are strewn,  
 And bright with cherub-children's eyes  
 The glowing world is overgrown.

But never, in the woods at noon,  
 Or underneath the stars at night,  
 Or in the low sweet vales of June,  
 Or on the mountain's upper height—  
 O, never thrilled my blood so much,  
 And never leaped my heart so wild,  
 As when I bowed my head to touch  
 The sweet lips of my first-born child.

Ah! and I know that evermore  
 I have held higher talk with heaven,  
 In deeper whispers than before  
 That large new blessedness was given.  
 I could not part her precious hair,  
 Nor look upon her sacred eyes,  
 And not within my full soul swear  
 To mark her steps in Paradise.

I hear her low voice in the hall,  
 Her liquid laugh among the flowers;  
 And pulse leaps unto pulse, and all  
 My life goes seeking her for hours.  
 And when she rises to my knee  
 And lightly nestles toward my cheek  
 With love that clings so utterly,  
 I clasp her, but I cannot speak.

O, mid the tumult of the town,  
 The care, the canker and the doubt,  
 And when the flaming sun goes down,  
 And when the holy stars are out;  
 In the great stillness of the night,  
 And in the front of garish day.  
 She wraps me like a robe of light,  
 And turns to spirit all my clay.

God bless my child! I never knew  
 Life's vastness until she was born.  
 God bless my child! and keep her true  
 Through all her deeper-widening morn.  
 O, reach thy hand out through the years  
 And hold her near thee undefiled;  
 And give her oil of joys for tears.  
 And, Father, Father, bless my child!

(590)

### THE SIN DANCE.

A correspondent writing from Manila tells how the finding of the body of a woman lying dead in a ditch near San Lazaro started an investigation which brought to light one of the horrid customs of the Filipinos. The woman had died during the penitent dance, which is known as the "sin dance" on Good Friday, and in so doing had disgraced herself to the extent that her relatives had refused to have anything to do with her after her death. The native priests have encouraged this relic of barbarity. Men, women and children indulge in the dance with a view of obtaining expiation for the sins of the year. Sin is a terrible reality and the awful consciousness of it torments men of all races and peoples. Surely the angels did well when they declared that Christ came as "good tidings" to a sinful world. The Christian church must make all the Filipinos hear this good news. (591)

### ALL IN ALL.

The Scriptures that declare that Christ is "all in all" and that we "are complete in Him" are well illustrated in Emma Dowd's poetic prayer entitled "Be Thou My All."

Be thou my Friend, my close Companion ever!  
 Earth's paths diverge as comrades onward wend;  
 Friends may depart, but thou, O, leave me never!  
 Be thou my Friend!



Be thou my Guide through darkness and through light.  
 In even the sunniest way may danger hide,  
 Thy feet have trod my road. By day, by night,  
 Be thou my Guide!

Be thou my King! Let me know what to do  
 That all my hours may serve some goodly thing;  
 Command my life and keep me loyal, true!  
 Be thou my King!

Be thou my Saviour! Pardon all my sin.  
 I grieve o'er broken laws and wrong behavior;  
 Without thee Heaven I cannot hope to win,  
 Be thou my Saviour!

Be thou my Strength! Heavy am I with weakness,  
 In thee alone can I be strong at length.  
 Help me to lean on thee in trust and meekness,  
 Be thou my Strength!

Be thou my Life! No other one can feed me,  
 I faint, weary and worn with pain and strife;  
 Where living waters flow, O, gently lead me!  
 Be thou my Life!

Be thou my All! Terrors sometimes enfold me;  
 The vasts of thy great universe appall.  
 Closer to thy dear heart, O, closer hold me,  
 Be thou my All!

(592)

#### PROUD OF THEIR SCARS.

A recent visitor to Germany speaks with disgust of the cutting and slashing among the German college boys in the frequent duels. Half the young men one meets in the streets, says this traveler, have their faces decorated with unconventional designs of scars. One day at luncheon a student sat near him his profile turned toward him. The traveller counted six fresh scars on the side of the face he could see. They parade their scars and are actually proud of them. Some people so scar their consciences that they become proud of the scars of their sins which are really a badge of shame. A man is pretty well handcuffed to the devil when he parades the scars sin have left on him.

(593)

#### THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

The devil has sometimes songs for youth and morning but it is only God who gives songs in the night of trial and old age. The Psalmist says, "And in the night his song shall be with me." C. H. Polhemus elaborates this in a comforting way in his little poem entitled "A Midnight Song."

I stood in the darkness of midnight,  
 Not a star-gleam illumined the sky,  
 And the stillness of death palled the landscape,  
 And no human companion was nigh.

But while in the gloom I stood musing,  
 A sound low and sweet met my ear,  
 That louder and louder resounded  
 From the leaf-embowered canopy near.

It was one of God's dear little songsters  
 Cheering midnight's dark hours with its lays;  
 Not a care for the future enthralled it,  
 Or suppressed its sweet carols of praise.

So teach me, my Father, to praise Thee  
 When my sky is o'ershadowed with clouds;  
 For why should Thy children distrust Thee,  
 Or travel in grief's somber shrouds?

Thou sorrows, afflictions, temptations  
 Would embitter my soul with their blight,  
 I will lean on the Arms Everlasting,  
 And will sing to my God in the night.

(594)

## CENTIPEDES IN THE STATE HOUSE.

A recent traveller in Texas says that the magnificent granite State Capitol at Austin, Texas, has become infested with centipedes of great size. These poisonous insects are said to be found in every department of the state government. They have been found in the corridors, in the Governor's private office and in the treasury vaults. More dangerous things than centipedes however are often found in State Capitol buildings nowadays. Men who buy votes, and men who engineer giant steals, and others who seek to make the law weak so that it may be evaded by panderers to lust and passion. Many a Northern State House could well afford to trade off these creatures for the Texas centipedes, and be counted lucky. (595)

## DEFEATED YET TRIUMPHANT.

There is a strong note in these words of Lord Byron which ought to make the blood beat quick in the veins of every earnest reformer who is fighting the battle of righteousness against odds.

They never fail who die  
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad.

Though years  
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others and conduct  
The world, at last, to freedom.

(596)

## DRIVING COMFORT AWAY.

It is possible to be so good a housekeeper that all the comfort goes out of the window and the house kept so spick and span in its neatness may be robbed of every element of home life and comfort. There is rather a grim little fiction going around which tells how the ghastly rider on the white horse stopped at a certain gate. "I am Death," he said to the sick man who was watching from the window. "You're welcome," replied the latter, but added, in a scared whisper: "If you value your life don't let my wife see you tying your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that." (597)

## FORGETFULNESS.

How many times when our deeds have caused sorrow, or our failing to do, has brought pain, our one excuse is "I forgot." The trouble is we forget the wrong things. The devil tries to make us cherish in keen remembrance every little slight toward ourselves, but makes us forget to say the tender words or voice the grateful appreciation which would be such an inspiration or comfort to others. Some one sings our thought with keen perception:

So many tender words and true  
We meant to say, dear love, to you;  
So many things we meant to do,  
But we forgot.

The busy days were full of care;  
The long night fell all unaware;  
You passed beyond love's pleading prayer,  
While we forgot.

Now evermore through heart and brain  
There breathes an undertone of pain;  
Though what has been should be again,  
We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be,  
Beyond the veil of mystery,  
Some place where love can clearly see,  
And not forget.

(598)

## LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

Two men perished on Mount Washington a few weeks ago with help close at hand. A sudden storm enveloped the mountain top and so blinded them that they lost the path. One of the men was within a very short distance of the hotel when he was overcome by cold and exhaustion and perished. It seems peculiarly hard that one should perish with welcome help so near. Yet such tragedies are occurring in the spiritual realm every day. Men are losing all that is worth living for, and perishing utterly with Christ's dear love within their reach.

(599)



## THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

There is a life which is hid with Christ in God, a precious fellowship only known by those who live in reverent communion with the Lord. May Agnew sings a most beautiful song about it in her poem entitled "Dwell Deep."

In the depths of ocean's caves,  
Far away from sight or sound  
Of its restless throb and fret  
There are treasures to be found;  
Noble mountains near their heads,  
At their feet the mosses creep;  
If their beauties you would scan  
You must dwell deep.

So in God's most wondrous plan  
Ever this must be the sign,  
If you would the fullness know  
Of the mystery Divine—  
Life in death, and death in life,  
Peace amid life's storms to keep;  
This is the secret—learn it well—  
You must dwell deep.

Care and trial, stripes and pain  
Are the ropes that let us down;  
But our Father holds them well  
And his peace our lives will crown.  
Worldlings take the surface show  
Then but dust and ashes reap;  
Would you win life's purest joy?  
You must dwell deep.

Oh, the blessedness of rest  
In that quiet, calm retreat!  
All unseen I haste me there  
When the stormy waters beat;  
And my Savior in his love  
Never fails his tryst to keep,  
And life's mystery makes clear,  
While I dwell deep.

By the hand he leadeth me  
Where the leaves of healing grow;  
And I drink the pure delight  
Of the living waters flow.  
Foretaste of that hour of bliss,  
When no more to wake or weep,  
He will raise to highest heights  
Those who dwell deep.

Do you wonder, heart oppressed,  
Where he dwelleth? Come with me,  
In that quiet meeting-place  
Thy El Shadai waiteth thee;  
Rest in him, he will not fail,  
While earth's shadows round you creep,  
His almightiness to prove  
If you dwell deep.

(600)

## Commending "SYNTHETIC BIBLE STUDIES"

"I must not close this letter without telling you how greatly I have enjoyed studying your Synthetic Bible study, and what kind words come to me regarding the studies from the missionaries. I think they are all of them interested. They have taken up six months of the studies as given in the Union Gospel News up to and inclusive of Ezekiel, and they are to make out written examinations, for me of these lessons and send them to me very soon. I hope that these Synthetic studies may be published in book form. They will certainly be found very useful in such a shape.

Very sincerely yours,  
Rev. Addison P. Foster.

American Sunday School Union,  
Boston, Mass.

(Sec. for New England.)

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A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals, for religious public speakers.

(Incorporating *Cut Gems, Troy, N. Y.*)

PUBLISHED BY

**CURRENT ANECDOTES CO.**

Rose Bldg, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, - - - - - EDITOR.  
F. M. BARTON, - PRES. AND EDITOR OF DEPARTMENTS.  
GEO. O. MCKELVEY, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.  
VATES & KIMBALL, 1031 Temple Court, New York,  
EASTERN ADVERTISING AGENTS.

**SUBSCRIPTION:** { In U.S., Canada and Mexico,  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Foreign Subscriptions, 25c. extra, for postage.

[COPYRIGHTED BY CURRENT ANECDOTES CO., 1900.]

Entered at the Post Office at Cleveland, O., as second class matter.

**Issued** **SEPTEMBER, 1900.** **Monthly**

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P. S.—The books advertised on other pages of Current Anecdotes this month, are nearly all given special prices in order to start the sale early. You can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by reading the advertisements. Dr. Banks' new books will interest, specially, those who did not subscribe to Current Anecdotes last year, as it is the matter he contributed to Current Anecdotes. The title is "Fresh Bait for Fishers of Men."

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Husband and Wife," by Dr. Lyman Beecher Sperry, the well known writer on confidential subjects, is the most satisfactory book yet published along sexual science lines, and is one that is calculated to improve the health of those who read the book, which is for the married and marriageable only. We have seen a number of books whose titles covered the subject of this one, but the subject matter was very disappointing no account of the lack of



definite and direct information. Other books claim there is nothing impure in the study of sexual conditions and yet hesitate as if they doubted their claims. Dr. Sperry proves the purity of this subject by discussing the matter fully and freely. There is no doubt but that the book will create a great deal of good. Ministers will want this book for themselves, and in many cases he can recommend the book, where it will do more good than a sermon. Price \$1.00. Order of Current Anecdotes.

#### FOUND AT LAST. MINISTER'S HANDY BIBLE.

Have you ever looked through the stock of a large Bible house, examining the different bindings and size of type etc. I have done this several times and in addition I have examined the samples of traveling men for the principal houses.

You would be surprised after doing this several times to note the small number that actually interested you, that would be anywhere near what you would want.

About a year ago I made a find and I think it will interest you.

First. It was a Bible that would go into the coat pocket, 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ x4 $\frac{3}{8}$ , and without the concordance only  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick.

Second. It was on India paper, and the paper was opaque, so that you could not read the next page without turning over a leaf, and if carefully done will stand marking.

Third. The binding was seal flexible and was leather-lined to edge, also double silk-sewn.

Fourth. The type was minion, bold face and handsomely printed. I am not sure but think it is printed on the other side and sent over.

Fifth. The book used to cost \$7, but I am thankful it doesn't cost that now. In fact the price is now \$3.75, with or without concordance. For that amount we will send it to you with privilege of returning at our expense if not satisfactory, but if you want to take our word for it and give us your order, clubbing with forty others we will make the price \$3.25.

Minister's Bible Club, 22 Y. M. C. A. Bldg. Cleveland, O.

### DEPARTMENTS.

#### Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

### GLEANED FROM LIFE.

#### HONOR FATHER AND MOTHER.

There is a home in Tokio, Japan, where five generations live under the same roof. The family is that of Mr. Kinyemon Arai, of Matsunoki, Unememura, Gumma prefecture, who has just entered on his ninety-third year, and is still hale and hearty. So is his wife Naka, who is of the same venerable age. Equally healthy and prosperous are their eldest son, Kakunosuke, and his spouse, who are respectively sixty-eight and sixty-seven years old. Then comes their grandson, Kennosuke, forty-six years old, and his wife, Asa, younger by two years. Twenty-six and twenty-four are the ages of their great-grandson, Isematsu, and his life partner, Toki, respectively; from whose union have sprung a healthy, growing boy of four and a baby girl. How many American homes could hold in peace five generations?  
(1161)

#### BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Mrs. Joseph Fairchild Knapp, of New York, is said to have composed five thousand hymns, of which several, such as *Open the Gates of the Temple*, and *Blessed Assurance*, are sung in every land. She has written so many hymns that she has forgotten a large number of them. On one occasion, hearing some people singing, she listened and remarked:

"That music sounds familiar. I rather like

it, although I think it might be improved upon."

She was somewhat surprised when her companion said, "It ought to be familiar; you wrote it ten years ago."

In her literary and musical work she collaborates with Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind poet-musician.

The International Sunshine Society, of which Mrs. Knapp is a local officer, has for its object the bringing of sunshine into the lives of those who are poor, despondent or shut-in by some incurable complaint. It supplies music, flowers, pictures, companions, books and money.

"Some one told me," she said, "the woman had a sick child that needed diet or medicine, and that she was too proud to tell of her poverty to anybody. So I sent her a two-dollar note in an envelope, with a motherly message, and the letter that came back was very pathetic. The child was sick with convulsions and the mother was too independent to go to a doctor without the means to pay him. The fifth convulsion had taken place, she wrote, when my letter reached her. She took the money and ran to a physician, who came promptly, treated the little one and restored it to health, and would not accept any money for his services. So the money was not spent, the good was done and sunshine was brought into three lives at least."  
(1163)

## CHEAP CRITICISM OF DEAR BELIEFS.

It is becoming more and more difficult to take the investigations of "modern science" seriously. The very term has lost its happy significance. Formerly, and not so very long ago, when the word "science" was employed, it had a real meaning. It was used to describe the results of long and patient investigation; it was something the mind could lay hands upon, as it were. But in these latter days it stands for the countless theories and innumerable suggestions and predictions. The man who claims to be a scientist needs no credentials. A line in a newspaper makes him "well-known," or "prominent," as the case may be. He has only to add to his natural gifts the imagination of a reporter.

The intelligent reader is no doubt familiar with the fate which the Scripture has met at the hands of modern theologians. In the name of "scientific criticism" (sometimes called "the higher criticism" in order to protect it from the attacks of the vulgar crowd) the Bible has been demolished. Men who are prominent in the pulpit have submitted both their faith and their reason to the conclusions of this "higher criticism"—conclusions which are based on suppositions, theories, suggestions and deductions.

The German theorists who have put these deductions forward, modestly call themselves "scientists"; consequently their criticism of the Bible is necessarily "scientific," and a great many people are ready to fall in with the deductions and theories of the enemies of the Bible simply because the latter have put a tag on their productions and labeled them "scientific."

Well, these investigators have just as much right to the tag and label as the venders of patent medicines, who are all the time invoking in the name of "science" in behalf of their wares. The right is the same in both cases, and perhaps in both the employment of the term is calculated to deceive a certain portion of the public; but thoughtful people who are misled by labels which the real scientists of the age—the men who know enough to be able to approach the unknowable with real humility—would repudiate with scorn.—Joel Chandler Harris in Saturday Evening Post.

(1164)

## GROWING SOULS.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;

Now it may lose ground, and now it may win it;

Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;

Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;

Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;

Now it walks suddenly, now gropes benighted;

Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster;

So it goes forward, now slower, now faster;

Till, all the pain past and failure made whole,

It is full-grown, and the Lord rules the soul.

—Susan Coolidge. (1165)

## GOD WANTS YOU HAPPY.

Remember as a child of God that true pleas-

ure is one of the things your heavenly Father desires you to have; that He equally wants every other child of His heart to be happy. Remember, too, that by taking gratefully your own you can do your share toward giving pleasure to others. Welcome your good times, and instead of patronizing them, or treating them with condescending indifference, use them as one of His precious gifts, always remembering that—

Everywhere the heart awake  
Finds what pleasure it can make;  
Everywhere the light and shade  
By the gazer's eye is made.  
In ourselves the sunshine dwells,  
From ourselves the music swells,  
By ourselves our lives are fed,  
With sweet or bitter daily bread.

—The Silver Cross. (1166)

## "AND POUR CONTEMPT ON ALL MY PRIDE."

On pride of wealth.—"The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Pride of respectability.—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Pride of personal appearance.—"He hath no form or comeliness."

Pride of birth and rank.—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Pride of reputation.—"Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, friend of publicans and sinners."

Pride of independence.—"Many others ministered to Him of their substance."

Pride of learning.—"How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

Pride of superiority.—"I am among you as he that serveth."

Pride of success.—"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "Neither did His brethren believe on Him." "He was despised and rejected of men."

Pride of ability.—"I can of my own self do nothing."

Pride of self-will.—"I seek not my own will, but the will of Him that sent Me."

Pride of intellect.—"As my Father hath taught Me, I speak these things."

Pride of bigotry.—"Forbid him not; for he that is not against us, is on our part."—Baptist Messenger. (1167)

## ✓ POST-MORTEM PRAISE.

A preacher in Kansas the other day delivered a brief but beautiful funeral sermon. Here it is: "A word to you all. Post-mortem praises and love are in the air. People kiss their dead who never stoop to kiss their living. They hover over open caskets in hysterical sobs, but fail to throw their arms about their loved ones who are fighting the stern battle of life. A word of cheer to the struggling soul in life is worth more than the roses of Christendom piled high on the casket cover. The dead can't smell the flowers, but the living can; scatter them broadcast in their pathway, therefore, and pluck out the thorns before it is too late." (1168)



### ALONGSIDE OF THE ENEMY.

It was on a British vessel in the Bay of Biscay. The pilot came to the admiral and said: "It will be an awful night, and there is a lee shore, and the wind is rising."

The admiral replied: "Sir, you have done your duty in pointing out the danger. Lay me alongside of the enemy."

When the morning broke it saw the enemy's vessels captured or shattered to pieces.

When God calls you to duty, let prudence or timidity put in their remonstrance, but let your answer be, "Lay me right alongside of that hard task, that sacrifice, that danger;" and the Master will go with you into the fight. Therefore, I would condense my exhortation into one sentence: Find out what Jesus Christ wants you to do, and then do it. That is a motto for every young man. That is the Christian life in brief.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D. (1169)

### MEN AND MENTION.

#### VISITED THE ORPHANS.

Stephen Crane's death was felt deeply in England, not only as a loss to literature, but as a personal sorrow to many of the workers in literature. Although Mr. and Mrs. Crane had no children of their own, three young lives were growing up in their charge, dependent upon the generous kindness of Mr. Crane. Three children of the late Harold Frederick, who were left absolutely unprovided for, had been cared for by Mr. Crane. One had been regularly adopted, and originally it was hoped that the other two might be adopted elsewhere. It may, however, be suspected that Stephen Crane's good-heartedness let this project gradually lapse, for the three children lived on together in the Sussex countryside. (1170)

#### THE GOSPEL WILL NEVER STOP.

When railways were in their infancy in the north of England, shortly after George Stephenson had invented the locomotive, one of these locomotives was to be tried, and great crowds came to see this wonderful machine; and as they stood, many of them, looking at it—it was not very elegant—two men were overheard in conversation. One said, "Geordie, she'll never gang." And by and by steam was got up, and the thing set off, to the amazement of our two friends. "Geordie," said the speaker, "she'll never stop." (Laughter and applause.) There are many people who will try to throw a wet blanket over gospel work and say it will never go; but if we get the steam up and let it go, the feeling will be that it will never stop. (1171)

#### TWO CROWNS.

King Humbert of Italy adds another to the long list of potentates who have received their death at the hands of an assassin, his life having been taken on Sunday evening by one Angelo Bressi, who shot the King at Monza, just as he entered the carriage. If not a model ruler, Italy has much, in his reign of twenty-two years, to be grateful for. It is certain that if he has not been a great ruler, at least he has been a prudent one. He has kept down his

civil list, paid his father's debts of \$5,000,000 and has given considerable sums to charity. He has, too, maintained a resolute attitude toward the Pope, absolutely refusing to surrender to him any territory, or to confer upon him any political powers. In this he has faithfully followed his father's policy. The new King who succeeds to the crown as Victor Emmanuel II. has a hard task before him in reforming the finances of the country, and especially in lifting the burdens of oppressive taxation which bear so heavily upon the poor, while in many instances the rich are exempt. The Christian's crowns will not bring him trouble, but peace and rest. (1172)

### GOD'S WORD CHANGETH NOT.

Times change and chronologies change with them. It was in the year 4004 B. C., according to the great chronological authority and theologian, Archbishop Ussher, that the creation of the world took place, a date settled by the authority of the Holy Bible; and Dr. Lightfoot, vice chancellor of Cambridge University, in the seventeenth century, with still finer precision, fixed the day and hour at the 23d of October at nine o'clock in the morning. Luther declared, on the authority of Moses, that longer ago than six thousand years the world did not exist. Pope Urban VII. was anxious to allow a little more time to have elapsed since the creation of man; but his extreme limit was 5199 B. C. So we revise our chronologies, but the Word of our God standeth forever—which is a good deal more than can be said of the ready-made opinions of some literalists. (1173)

### SPURGEON ON THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the writing of the living God. Each letter was penned with an Almighty finger, each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips; each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit. Albeit that Moses was employed to write the histories with his fiery pen, God guided that pen. It was that David touched his harp, and let sweet psalms of melody drop from his fingers, but God moved his hands over the living strings of his golden harp. Solomon sang canticles of love, and gave forth words of consummate wisdom, but God directed his lips, and made the preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum, when the horses plough the waters; or Habakuk, when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love; or the rugged chapters of Peter, who speaks of fire devouring God's enemies; if I turn aside to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God, everywhere I find God speaking; it is God's voice, not man's; the words are God's words; the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of ages. This Bible is God's Bible; and when I see it I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying, "I am the book of God; study my page, for I was penned by God; love me, for He is my author, and you will see Him visible and manifest everywhere."—The Standard. (1174)



## RUSKIN'S BIBLE.

The following words of Ruskin will be read with deep interest: "I opened my oldest Bible just now.....yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at chapter 7 of the First Book of Kings, and chapter 8 of Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having caused me much pain. My mother's list of chapters with which, every syllable learned accurately, she established my soul in life, has fallen out of it, as follows: 'Exodus 15 and 20; II. Samuel 1, 5, 17, to end I. Kings 8; Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, 139; Proverbs 2, 3, 8, 12; Isaiah 58; Matthew 5, 6, 7; Acts 26; I. Corinthians 13, 15; James 4; Revelation 5, 6. And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little futher knowledge.....in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious and, on the whole, the one essential part of my education. For the chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and protective to me in all modes of thought, and the body of divinity they contain acceptable through all fear and doubt; nor through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them, nor betrayed the first command in the one I was made to repeat oftenest, 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.'" (1175)

## FOR CHRIST, GLADLY.

Dr. Edna G. Terry, whose murder at Tsun-Hua, China, has been reported, was the first representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in that place. Dr. Terry arrived in China in 1887 and her medical work made an immediate and favorable impression upon the people. At one time she took a journey of 1,200 miles in a cart. Upon returning to China for her second term of service, she wrote home:

"After a period of rest at home I am glad to return to my work, yet it takes as much courage to start out the second time as it did the first, for one knows then just where the strain will come and what the difficulties will be. If we as missionaries went for money, there is not enough money in the world to induce us to live amid the depressing influences of heathenism, but when we consider that it is for Christ's sake, and feel the necessity, we willingly, yea, gladly, undertake the service for Him." (1176)

## HER FIRST PATIENT.

Florence Nightingale, when but a little girl, showed her love toward all suffering things. Some boys had wounded a shepherd dog so badly that the men were going to kill it, for he would allow no one to touch the wound. Presently little Florence went up to him, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap! Poor Cap!"

The dog looked trustingly up into her eyes, and, while she talked to him and stroked his head he allowed his leg to be examined. She

was told that there were no bones broken, but that the leg ought to be fomented to take the swelling down.

"How do you foment?" she asked.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," was the reply.

"Then that's quite easy," she said, and at once went to work, caring for him until he recovered. (1177)

## PRINCE AND PAUPER.

Some time ago I read the memoir of Prince Albert, consort of the Queen of England. As he lay in his death-illness in Windsor Castle he was greatly comforted by the hymn "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," which his daughter Alice frequently sang for him. Soon after reading that account I preached in a northern town. At the close of the service a deacon said to me, "There is a poor man very sick, will you go with me to see him?" I accompanied him to a house up a court, and after climbing three flights of steps, we reached a dingy garret with scanty furniture. In the middle of the room sat a man smitten with paralysis, scarcely able to move, and unable to speak except in a whisper. I said, "Your prospect for this life is not bright, my brother; how is it for the life to come?" With much effort he whispered, "Very bright." He said, "I've been a great sinner; I've believed in dog racing, pigeon flying, drinking, gambling, lying and swearing, and in everything bad; and not until God paralyzed me did I think of my soul. But God has saved me!" "Can you sing?" he asked. "Yes, what would you like me to sing?" "Sing 'Rock of Ages Cleft for Me.'" I sang that hymn, and I say there was as much spiritual joy in the heart of that poor, ignorant, helpless man in that miserable garret as there was in the heart of the cultured Prince Albert, surrounded as he was with every form of comfort in that most magnificent of royal palaces. (1178)

## GORED BY THE BLACK BULL.

Some years ago it was my privilege to visit the Haworth parsonage, once the home of the famous Bronte family, the home where Charlotte and her sister wrote their interesting books. The hope of that home was once centered in Branwell, a bright, intelligent youth. The sisters fondly hoped that Branwell, by his artistic skill, would make the name of Bronte famous; and they were ready to go from home and earn their own livelihood, that the father might spend the more on Branwell's education. Why then was the world deprived of the benefit of his genius? Near to the Haworth parsonage was the "Black Bull Inn," and when the landlord was in want of someone to entertain his customers he called in the clergyman's son. Thus he learned to drink and became a physical, intellectual and moral wreck. That terrible "Black Bull" impaled him upon its horns, tossed him up for sport, then left him, bruised and broken, to groan and die. And such is the case with thousands today. The short cut to ruin and perdition is the tavern. (1179)



## WITHOUT HOPE OR DESTINATION.

A lady once called upon Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carlyle in the old house at Chelsea. In the hall she noticed a portmanteau labelled "Thomas Carlyle, passenger to ———." The lady said to Mrs. Carlyle, "I see your husband is leaving home." "Yes," replied the wife, "he is going away for some days, but he cannot make up his mind where to go until he gets to the station." This is a true picture of an aimless life, many men not fixing their destination until they are near to death. (1180)

## "RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."

This was illustrated in a most happy manner by a reported conversation between the Hon. Justice Field of the U. S. Supreme Court, and a Canadian interviewer. The Judge was on a tour through Canada, and his interviewer said

to him, "How do the two countries compare in your opinion?"

"You have beaten us in the race for population," the Judge replied; "although there were special causes for that. But you are bound to succeed. Greatness will come in time. The secret of the British Empire is that it stands for order, for the sacredness of human life, for the protection of every interest, however humble. You have a great country and are part of a mighty empire. When I think of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and this great country, I am filled with wonder."

"Do you think this unwieldy empire will last?" was the next question.

"Justice and righteousness will make it last," replied the venerable Judge. "These form the cement which binds nations together. If they are absent, no nation can prosper. It may appear to be great for a time, but it will eventually go down in ruin." (1181)

## STORIES OF HYMNS.

## ROCK OF AGES.

Burlington Coombe, England, is a deep ravine in the grim and frowning hill known as Black Down, which rises to the height of 1,100 feet, and is the highest summit of the beautiful Mendip Range. It is within an easy walk of Blagdon Church, of which Augustus Toplady was for some time curate in sole charge. The whole scene is most picturesque and romantic. At one point is a grand crag of mountain limestone eighty feet in height. Right down the center of this mass of stone is a deep fissure, wherein grow, like little children playing in the arms of men in armor, soft and delicate ferns and wild flowers.

Toplady was one day overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm, from which he sought refuge in this glen, between two massive piers of limestone rock. While the storm raged it inspired in his soul the idea of his hymn, "Rock of Ages," which he wrote on the spot. (1182)

## HIS LAST SONG.

An old Methodist, a singer of no mean order, was afflicted with cancer on his tongue. He went to a hospital for an operation, and there the pathetic incident occurred.

Holding up his head, he said, "Wait a bit, doctor; I have something to say to you." The operator waited, and the patient continued, "When this is over, doctor, will I ever sing again?"

The doctor could not speak; he simply shook his head. The sick man said, "I have had many a good time singing God's praises, and you tell me, doctor, I can never sing any more after this. I have one song to sing, which will be the last. It will be a song of gratitude and praise to God as well."

Then, from the operator's table, he sang one of Dr. Watt's hymns, so familiar to many:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,

And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

—The Christian Budget.  
(1183)

## "NINETY AND NINE."

Ira D. Sankey said the other day that he first sang "The Ninety and Nine" in Edinburgh twenty-six years ago. The verses he had seen in a newspaper, and never had time to put to music. It was a case of emergency; he didn't know what to sing but seemed inspired to attempt "The Ninety and Nine" without music. He started to play, then to sing, each note coming to him until the song was finished. The music he added has not been altered to this day. (1184)

## "HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION."

This familiar hymn appeared in London in 1787, in a little volume entitled, "A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors." The authorship was designated simply by the initial "K.," and it was assigned in turn to three different writers. But now compilers have agreed that it should be credited to George Keith, a publisher and bookseller in London, who for many years led the singing in his own congregation. In that little old volume this hymn bore the title "Precious Promises."

The last line of the last stanza,

"I'll never, no never, no never forsake,"

was doubtless suggested by the Scripture, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In the Revised Version it is translated, "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise



forsake thee." There are in the Greek text five negatives, and each adds its meaning with accumulated force. The line of the hymn is thus a correct translation of the text. (1185)

Dr. C. S. Robinson gives this reminiscence: "Once in the old oratory, at evening devotion in Princeton Seminary, the elder Dr. Hodge, then venerable with years and piety, paused as he read this hymn preparatory to the singing, and in the depth of his emotion was obliged to close his delivery of the final lines with a mere gesture of pathetic and adoring wonder at the matchless grace of God in Christ, and his hand silently beat time to the rhythm instead, 'I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'" (1186)

Frances Willard in her book, "Glimpses of Fifty Years," makes this note:

"Mother says that at family worship in her home they were wont to sing together 'How Firm a Foundation,' and her parents used to say it would never wear out, because it was so full of Scripture. When mother came back to us after being confined in her room six weeks, we sang that hymn for her at family prayers, and she broke in at the verse about

'hoary hairs,' and said, 'How I enjoyed that for my old grandmother, who lived to be ninety-seven! and then I enjoyed it for my dear father, who was eighty-six when he passed away; and now my daughter enjoys it for me, who am eighty-four; and perhaps she will live on to be as old as I, when I feel sure she will have friends who will enjoy it just as tenderly for her.'" (1187)

A clergyman in recording a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage, in 1843, says, "The old hero was then very frail, and had the appearance of extreme old age; but he was resting with calmness and confidence on the covenant of God." During the conversation General Jackson turned to his visitor, and said: "There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to His people. It was a favorite hymn with my dear wife till the day of her death. It commences thus, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!' I wish you would sing it now." And so the little company sang the entire hymn in its seven stanzas.—Jennie M. Bingham in C. E. World. (1188)

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### KEEP THYSELF PURE.

Travelers report that in the vicinity of Geneva they are interested in what appears to be a phenomena, in the confluence and companionship of the celebrated rivers, the Arve and the Rhone. The latter, rushing from the lake of Geneva, is a beautiful, clear stream, but on meeting with the former, a filthy stream, it seems for a while to decline to mingle with it; but gradually the difference between them becomes lessened, and the polluted Arve prevails over the pellucid Rhone; and on emptying into the Mediterranean the one is as filthy as the other.

And so it is ordinarily with youthful companionship, the Arve prevails, the Rhone yields; and the one who left the parental roof a mild, promising, religious young man, may often be found in the society of the depraved.

"Vice is a monster of so frightened mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace,"  
(1189)

### BREVITY OF TIME.

Many things in life inevitably remind us of the brevity of mortal existence; but nothing we ever heard of, exceeds the horror of the following device:

An Indian prince of great wealth possessed a clock which is thus described by the Scientific American:

"Near the dial of an ordinary looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of

artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When two o'clock arrives, two skeletons get up and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight, the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces as before.—Geo. Valentine Reichel. (1190)

### HEREDITY OF ACQUIRED CHARACTER.

This has often been denied as a thing impossible of proof. Yet, there is one scientist at least, who believes that he has convincing evidence enough to say that it is true in nature, if not in man himself. "He says," reports the Revue Scientifique, "that having undertaken to improve the Jerusalem artichoke, he endeavored to obtain tubercles that should be perfectly globular, and to eliminate such as were badly formed. He made a careful selection for several years, using as reproducers only such tubercles as were irreproachable as regards shape. He has now attained his object, and his entire planting yields him no tubercles but such as are perfectly round and regular. This is a proof to be added to those that are already so numerous, of the influence